archive.today
webpage capture

Saved from http://web.archive.org/web/20150514220313/http://anolen.com/2013/04/ search
no other snapshots from this url
1 Sep 2017 22:56:17 UTC

Original http://anolen.com/2013/04/
no other snapshots from this url
14 May 2015 22:03:13 UTC

All snapshots from host anolen.com
from host archive.org

Webpage Screenshot

share download .zip report bug or abuse donate

A.NOLEN

Assaulting Mt. Helicon: Writing and Current Affairs.

monthly archives: APRIL 2013

ON THE USE OF PRINCETON

A few days ago I asked a writer friend to look at one of my stories. He's a very good author and I respect his opinion.

When he'd read my work, he was horrified: "You've written a *class-warfare* story."

This made me laugh a little, because I've never much cared for that type of story and it seemed as though I'd written one despite myself. I had to know where the wheels came off.

"Why do you say that?" I asked.

"Well, Princeton University doesn't come off in a very good light," was his answer.

And he's right, one of my characters briefly mentions that she attends Princeton University, and she isn't a very sympathetic character. I'd only given readers one **easy** handle this character, that she was from Princeton. I'd *wanted* readers to judge her by her actions, but that easy handle threw my whole plan off course. Instead of looking at her attitude, my reader-friend only saw her class.

That's not his problem, it's mine. While I have more hands-on knowledge about that university than my friend has, *I'm* the one trying to communicate. If I'm not communicating, it's my problem. Let me explain that further.

My friend was not educated in the East-Coast milieu. His knowledge of it comes second hand, and is probably a little dated. I've lived and worked with Princetonians, and while I'm not an expert, I've known enough of them to have formed an opinion. While he might generalize about Princeton students and say 'Princetonian is a metaphor for upper-class'; my generalization would be along the lines of 'Princetonian is a metaphor for apparatchik'. There's a big difference.

I won't try to feign humility, I'll just go right out and say I think my generalization is closer to the truth. But my 'knowledge' doesn't do me much good when I'm writing for my friend IF I chose 'Princeton' as an image when we both understand such very different things by it. And that's how A.Nolen came to write a short story on class-struggle.

LEAVE A COMMENT

ZEITGEIST

Like a ray of hope in the darkness…

Crocuses are up, birds are mating and once again the world shows signs of life. What better time to post on signs of life in the literary world?

It's a cliché amongst publishers that men don't read fiction. I've done some surreptitious investigation into this cliché, and have found that *actually*, men do read fiction when it's well-done and short. Why these two qualifications? I think it's a question of priorities and energy: men's tolerance for mediocrity is low after working, or after finishing things which are more important to them than reading literature. Any extra mental exertion has to be worth the effort.

So, publishers who say "Men Don't Read Fiction" really mean that "Men Don't Read Our Fiction".

All this begs the question: Do women read their fiction? I'll leave it to these publishers to explain their reasoning.

So what type of fiction are men likely to read? I've had success suggesting work by the two authors who I mentioned in my previous post, Patrick Vincent Welsh and Thomas Mundt. There are probably many more, I just haven't lit up to them yet.

Both Welsh's and Mundt's writing is well-done and short. Really short: 500-1500 words. I'm going to look at one of Mundt's today as an example, it's titled *Amethyst*, and was first published by *Everyday Genius*.

> *Our household is down to a single car, a sign of the times, so I agree to drive Amethyst to community college on the condition that she not cast a spell on me. My father promises nothing but expresses a desire to see me get off easy, maybe just the recipient of generic bad luck wishes or Athlete's Foot.*
>
> *"Maybe you'll end up married," he continues. "Maybe you'll have your own Carol."*
>
> *Carol is our mom but she doesn't live with us anymore. She's in Albuquerque, servicing pottery wheels and chasing her dream of one day becoming an honorary Pueblo. She's already drawn blood, filed the paperwork.*
>
> *"Maybe you'll be a Mortgage Man like your dad."*

Mundt has introduced four characters; how they relate to each other; and the setting of the story in eight sentences, three of which are dialogue. That density is hard enough by itself, but what really makes this writing is smart imagery. Wing-nut mother/mortgage-man father. Witch sister/practical narrator. The passive– or should we say long-suffering– men juxtaposed with maladjusted and selfish women. The men clearly love the women despite the women's selfishness, and I'd wager the women love the men even though they're too busy self-actualizing to show it. Take that one layer deeper: I'd wager the women love the men despite the men's weakness.

I like Mundt's imagery because his perspective is fresh– at least fresher– than what I've come to expect from typical authors. I'd expect this story to revolve around (and glorify) the mother's 'search for herself'. Instead, the family's viewed from the practical standpoint of the eldest child. *Hallelujah!* It's time to get over the hippie bullshit.

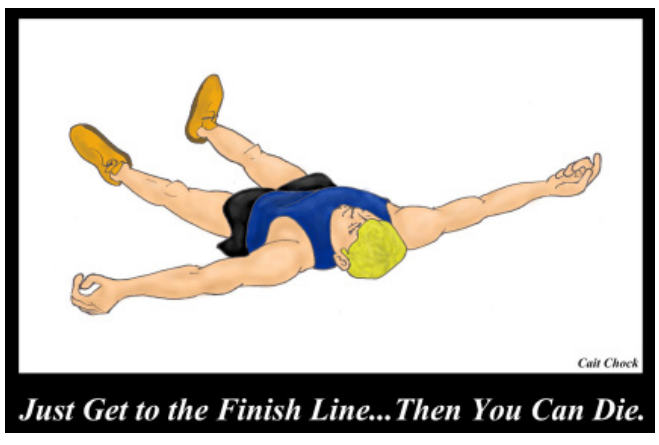
Which brings me to the two powerful images in this extract: Amethyst the Witch and the Wannabe-Pueblo. There are 120 words in this quote (approximately); 1/5 describe Amethyst and 2/5 describe Carol. Mundt uses 3/5 of his ammo on two key images. Images of key characters. I don't know Mundt's writing-process, I don't know if this allocation was conscious, though I suspect it was. Either way, his choice respects that the reader can only absorb so much information and he limits description to where it's most useful.

Anybody can think of metaphors. Anybody can spill out a bucket of adjectives. It takes skill to pick out *the right* metaphor/adjective. In my opinion, that *restraint* is what makes writing exhausting for the author and fun for the reader.

I recommend reading the rest of *Amythest*, the qualities of its opening paragraphs are carried throughout. I'll go out on a limb and say it's this type of writing that will define the current literary era. I'm not *seeing* many great novels and good short stories are hard to come by, but there seems to be real dynamism around flash-fiction. This form fits readers and writers, and therefore it's the form to watch.

LEAVE A COMMENT

LETS PLAY BOMB SCARE



Thank you to *chronicrunner.com*.

Even in times of tragedy, it pays to have a sense of humor. That's why today I'll talk a little about two living, currently-writing authors whose work I enjoy. They're both men who write to the point, and they stand out among their peers because they handle the gritty side of modern life in places *elsewhere than Brooklyn*. Glorious, glorious!

I found the first one today: Thomas Mundt. His new website looks like mine, but it's easier to find his earlier work on the old one. I particularly enjoy *A Portrait of the Sandwich Artist as a Drain on Mom's Boyfriend's Resources* and this post's namesake, *Let's Play Bomb Scare*. Also try *Free Spirit*. Mr. Mundt has written a book titled *You Have Until Noon to Unlock the Secrets of the Universe* from Lady Lazarus Press, but I can't find where to buy it.

The second living author is named Patrick Vincent Welsh, who is currently looking for an agent for his flash-fiction collection, *Hard Times Galore*. **I'd gladly pay $25 to read these stories, hint hint.**

Check out Mr. Welsh's trifecta in *Rusty Nail Mag*.

I love both of these guys because they deal with tragedy in a light-hearted and (here it comes) empowering way. Modern American life is tragic. Tragic waste, tragic lies, the tragedy of lost opportunity. The silver lining is that we can still do something about it. And as Arnie says, Laughter is more powerful than Fear. (Or was that 'Anger is more powerful than Fear'?)

So, as we mourn the innocent victims of what happened in Boston, let's also be mindful of the twisted shit-storm of politics that will follow, and rejoice in the fact that *we don't have to have* another Iraq, Afghanistan, Yugoslavia, Libya… we can laugh those dried-up talking heads all the way back to their water cooler.

LEAVE A COMMENT

CORN SMUT IS COOL

It's Mexican Truffles!

The best writing asks readers to think a little more deeply about things. An author can't do this unless he's thought about things a little more deeply himself, and that type of wisdom usually comes from experience, rather than foresight. A good author is one who's been beat up by life and who has the strength and courage to ask "Why did I do this to myself?"

I asked myself this question yesterday, as I surveyed my seed collection and prepared for my next round of gardening. I did better last year than the year before, but my garden is still a good deal of effort and money for something that doesn't make a dent in our grocery bill. Why am I doing this to myself?

I want to grow what food I can in a practical way. I don't like a lot of the produce at our supermarket and I want sustainable options. *Truly* sustainable options, not tomatoes that need $30 of soil additives every year, nor 'heirloom' curios that need a permanent IV.

Well, it turns out what I want just isn't gardening, it's foraging. To garden the way I want to requires a lot of *pristine* land, many plants and wads of money to test out new varieties. All these things don't guarantee success: hard-won knowledge and seed-stock can be wiped away in one season– heck, one week– then you have to start from scratch. The tough thing about hunter-gathering is that people starve.

I've also found that organic-ish gardening, where you use as many naturally-derived inputs as possible, isn't really sustainable either. Even if your N-P-K is hand-harvested by the simple farmers of wherever, it's still trucked to you and *will* become unavailable should gas prices rise high enough, etc. The knowledge you gain from mail-order ladybugs, or manure from the next town over, becomes useless if hard times ever come. 'Organic' gardening is a hobby for rich people. (And don't even get me started on the 'organic' sections in supermarkets.)

Neither organic gardening nor foraging is a realistic lifestyle. Modern farming isn't either. Farmers tell me that for every calorie of grain they produce, they use ten calories of fossil-fuels. Even excellent farmland needs huge amounts of chemical fertilizer to be profitable and because of this, drinking water becomes polluted. The well-water on our farm has such high nitrate levels that young children risk brain damage by drinking it, and our land is *responsibly* managed. Modern agriculture isn't sustainable, it's a liability we're pushing off onto the backs of our children. Sound familiar?

Back to the tough question. I'm foraging because I don't trust the people around me to make good decisions. The hard truth is, neither you nor I can really protect ourselves from the rest of the world, be they mega-farmers, hippies or bog-standard idiots. (And this is a global problem, not just an American or Western one.) I'll keep searching for that

magic combination of fruit and veg that may save my family's health, but it's a labor of faith.

Ending this on a lighter note, check out Green Deane and his cool Youtube series:

For your entertainment, we had lots of corn smut last year. Yummy, right?

4 COMMENTS

THE GHOST OF WRITERS PAST

Are there flowers in your attic?

I mentioned in a previous post that I'm a slush reader for a fiction magazine. It's been a valuable experience for me so far because I've really had to think about what makes good writing.

To be perfectly honest, the best stuff I've read from our slush-pile is not full of original ideas, but is well-delivered. In my experience, that usually means that the author wrote it, re-read it a few days later, rewrote it and repeated that process a couple times. The best stuff I've seen knows where it's going from the very first sentence.

I've yet to find a gem which is both original and well-delivered.

You can train yourself to improve delivery; I'm making small strides towards that and I believe that every writer can, if they want to put in the effort. Thoughtful, original ideas are a lot harder. It's harder to train yourself to think.

I see a lot– and I do mean a lot– of plots and characters that jumped straight out of 10th-grade-Eng-Lit required reading. Or moral dilemmas pilfered from Philosophy 101, or HBO.

Why do authors do this? I can only extrapolate from my own experience: When I'm writing and I come to part of the story that doesn't grab me, say a character who just acts as a foil to another or an event that bridges between one interesting happening and the next, then I'm likely get sloppy and use 10th-grade filler. Hopefully, I'll be disciplined enough to catch it on rereading and work harder.

On a more visceral level, I know when I'm regurgitating when I start to get bored.

It's hard not to regurgitate. It's hard to think and reflect. I believe that omnipresent, mediocre media is a hindrance to writers. So is a teach-to-the-test education. When you're tired and it's easier *not* to think, then all of the b*llshit which you've passively absorbed starts bubbling up to the surface. Roald Dahl never went to college, and he believed that helped him. A writer should jealously guard what goes into his eyes and ears, if only to protect his work from mediocrity.

There's a good counter-argument to this: "Readers like the familiar. Why should I bust a gut when– clearly– any old tripe will sell. Take 50 Shades, or most of Stephen King's stuff. "

Yeah, that's true. With enough advertising I think you can sell anything. But, the writer should ask himself, "Why would these publishing moguls choose me, when they could publish the work of their squeeze, buddy– or better yet– a business partner?" What are you bringing to the table? How many mediocre writers don't get so lucky? On top of that, how long after Virgina Andrews' death did she keep writing? (Answer: a long time.)

There's a certain amount of predictability and digestibility that

writing has to have in order to engage the reader; just like any decent programmer has to follow certain rules for the computer to understand him. But the digestible should always serve that little nugget of real thought.

Trading integrity and artistic growth for the remote chance to be useful seems like a bad deal to me. In fact, I'd rather write something that risks offending fifty people as long as one thinking person likes it. I *must* write things that are engaging enough to have all 51 read far enough to get my point. When I can do that, I'll be a valuable (and formidable) writer. Gems for everybody!

1 COMMENT

THE COMEDY

The most pirated independent film in 2012. A lot of people want to see this movie but don't want to pay for it. They are either tightwads, offended by the premise of the film, or they're tired of funding crappy films and want to know what they're buying before they surrender dollars. Whatever the reason, *The Comedy* peaked interest among independent film-goers, and for good reason.

This film gave me the cold-sweats. If you've ever worked with, worked for or socialized with New York's trust-fund set, you'll probably feel the same way. *The Comedy* is a caricature of these people, but a very gentle caricature, and since these people have inordinate influence on US cultural and political life, *The Comedy* will give anyone with a social conscience sleepless nights.

"Trust-fund set" probably isn't the right name, because they're more likely to be living off the rents from slum-properties that their grandparents bought in the 1950s; or 'managing' one of their parent's quasi-legit businesses 2-3 days a week. If they don't have to work at all, they'll take a low-commitment, government-subsidized job in the arts, entertainment or at a think-tank; a job which gives them something to talk about with their drinking buddies.

So yes, I'm underwhelmed with the slum-lordlings, which is why I got such a kick out of this movie. As I watched, I kept expecting Rick Alverson (writer/director) to get something wrong, to make some politically-correct concession to the the slum-lordlings, but if he did, I missed it. The satire was gentle enough, however, that I think many slum-lordlings will miss the criticism, and simply think that this is another movie glorifying New York. A sort of homage to ennui. I may be wrong however, because a lot of people illegally downloaded parts of the film– which is exactly how I'd expect slum-lordlings to react to criticism. (They're good at telling other people to respect property rights, not so good at respecting rights themselves.)

So why do I have disdain for the group of people Alverson portrays? A brief rundown of the opening scenes:

'Swanson' (Tim Heidecker) abuses the male nurse who looks after his invalid father: "Do you get my father's shit under your fingernails?" Why does 'Swanson' do this? It's hard to say, except perhaps it's because he feels threatened in the presence of a working American.

Next scene: 'Swanson' is walking down a sidewalk in a tony suburb. He sees Mexicans gardening, and immediately joins them. When the home-owners come out to see the workers' progress, 'Swanson' pressures them to let the Mexicans swim in their pool. The real gardeners, who never expressed any desire for 'Swanson' to be their champion or get in the pool, simply keep their heads down while all this is going on. (Like good little serfs.) 'Swanson' leaves the scene inflated on his own self-righteousness.

The movie is filled with vignettes like this: 'Swanson' and his buddies desecrate a church, womanize, 'slum it up' in Harlem– always championing the 'downtrodden' as long as the 'downtrodden' don't threaten them.

The Comedy's director is from Richmond, VA (born in Spokane, WA) and the lead actor is from Allentown, PA. Only people from outside of NYC could have made this film, because frankly, the Lena-Dunham-crowd aren't that astute.

Alverson's masterstroke is how he deals with Swanson's attitude toward his own privilege. While Swanson tries to fraternize with illegal immigrants and gang-bangers, he also thinks that Hitler had a few good ideas, specifically: that there are some people who deserve to live off the backs of others. (I don't think that was one of Hitler's ideas, but whatever…)

And here's where we come to the dilemma at the core of the slum-lordlings. They know that they don't deserve to have the privilege

they enjoy. They know that if competent people ever woke up, the slum-lordlings would be out on their asses. (Their subsidies and tax-loopholes would be legislated away.)

At their very core, slum-lordlings feel certain groups will never be threatening– the gang-bangers or the illegal immigrants– so they soothe their insecurities with self-righteousness on behalf of the 'lessers', while stomping on working people who they fear might flick them off. Flick them off Sarah-Palin-style. Welcome to hipster New York.

There are other cities with colonies of slum-lordlings, but New York City has the greatest concentration in my experience. It's also a nexus of independent film-making, so I wonder how Alverson thinks he's going to get away with making a movie like this. Perhaps he has patronage that I don't understand, or perhaps he's so confident in slum-lordling-incompetence that he doesn't think they'll get it. Or maybe he's just unusually brave. Maybe he doesn't need money either.

The Comedy is a movie that will leave you feeling disgusted and drained, but it's also a movie that I think everybody needs to understand. Congrats to whoever paid into the $6000 which the film grossed. It's on Netflix.

1 COMMENT

BAD KINGS

Yesterday evening I read another Grimm tale, *The Blue Light*. It's about what happens when rulers become so corrupt that decent people have no choice but to break the law. Read the text here.

This story has the directness, simplicity and use of speech that any good story needs to be interesting to the listener– I'm not going to talk about that again here. Instead, I'm going to talk about character.

What really struck me about this tale was that the King and the Witch are on the same wavelength. This connection reminds me of *Taste*, Roald Dahl's story about a gourmand and a stockbroker, a pair of low-lifes who are two sides to the same coin.

How are the king and the witch the same? They are both exploitative under the guise of kindness. The king doesn't have slaves or serfs; he hires his servants. But, as soon as the servants are no longer useful, they're out on their backside. In the current intellectual climate it's fashionable to forget that noblemen or slave-owners had both duty and incentive to provide for their chattel, irrespective of whether it was profitable to do so. The great kindness of emancipation made peasants free to starve. Back in 1815, this was a very real problem and it is increasingly so today. But hey, that's rationalization.

The king and the witch also practice magic– the type of magic that lets you reap where you don't sow. 'Magic' is a metaphor for corruption. While the witch is a small-time crook, the king has a much broader understanding of 'magic'. When the princess tells her father about her strange dream where she is transported to the soldier's apartment, the king doesn't write it off as a nightmare (as any normal person would), but immediately expects witchcraft. He takes counter-measures and works his own type of 'magic' to strike back at the soldier.

So while Dahl's gourmand and stockbroker are two sides of the same coin; so are the witch and the king. While the witch may be superficially repulsive, the corrupt king is a hundred times more so.

What about the soldier? No longer useful to his employer, he's out of work and starving. Who wants to hire a soldier? (I hear that many veterans have the same trouble now.) He doesn't have any choice but to take up service with the witch, a small-time crook. But the soldier is a clever man, and soon learns from her how to make money from nothing. The king's own injustice sharpens the blade that will kill him.

The soldier climbs the ranks of the criminal underworld and is eventually in a place to take revenge on the king. With the help of his criminal connections, and the support of other soldiers like him, the soldier wins the kingdom and marries the princess.

The witch and king are the characters who drive this story. The soldier and his actions are a natural consequence of corruption in high places; the storyteller has little freedom in regard to the actions the soldier can (reasonably) take. *The Blue Light* ends before we find out what type of a king the soldier becomes, but judging by the willfulness he shows throughout the tale, I bet the soldier is no better ruler than his father-in-law.

The best stories– even 'fictional' stories– stem from thoughtful reflection on real life. *The Blue Light* could take place under the sea, on a dragon's back or in cyber-space, it wouldn't really matter because the human dynamic still makes the story good. If, on the other hand, something unlikely happens, like the witch suddenly turns out to be good but misunderstood, or the princess develops a taste for cleaning, it would detract from the story because these 'twists' aren't naturally motivated, but are impositions by the author onto the characters in question. A few months ago I wrote about the tiresome trend of monsters who are really good; the same logic applies here. Stories that last don't make trendy mistakes.

Authors must experience real life AND be honest about real life if they want to be remembered. Anything less, and they may as well make toilet paper.

LEAVE A COMMENT

IS THE DEVIL A GERMAN?

If I could buy anything I wanted, it would probably be…

Last week I promised to explain why Bulgakov drew a parallel between Kaifa's/Pilate's government in Jerusalem and 1930s Moscow in his masterwork, *The Master and Margarita*.

Do you think this is going to be dry? Buhaha.

30 A.D. Jerusalem was ruled by a coalition of native rabbis and Roman overseers. As I said in the earlier post, the rabbis had didactic power, while the Romans provided muscle and administrative competence. The 'Romans' were by no means entirely Roman, but a diverse collection of conquered peoples who were in turn overseen by men from the *real* 'Caput Mundi'. This arrangement existed at the will of the Romans, who found it easier to rule in conjunction with the Temple, as long as the Temple behaved.

So what about the foreign nature of the government in 1930s Moscow? Wasn't the Bolshevik Revolution a natural, home-grown reaction to the brutal government of the Tsar?

Well, not really. Lenin and Trotsky were *agents provocateurs* funded (at least initially) by the German government, which hoped to get juicy business deals if they could bring Russia low enough. This brings me to an interesting point about Lenin, Trotsky and their collaborators: US, Canadian and British intelligence reports from the period list Trotsky sometimes as Russian, sometimes Polish, or German, or Jewish. Contemporary Russian sources saw emigre revolutionaries as Americans, Europeans or more generally, 'foreign'– and certainly there is truth to this, Trotsky himself writes about New York City as though it was his home away from home and he supposedly spoke German better than Russian. (His English was awful, but that didn't dampen his popularity in The Big Apple.)

Now, remember the magician Woland and his crew– the massive cat Behemoth and bespectacled Fagot? Were they German, English, or in a word, were they foreigners? Sometimes they spoke with accents, sometimes in perfect Russian. But wherever they were from, they never had any problems making foreign currency appear out of nowhere, especially dollars.

Foreign currency. In M&M, having foreign currency is either a blessing or a curse. If you're a foreigner, or the right type of Russian, foreign currency will buy you the choicest goods and most delicious foods. If you're an everyday Russian, having foreign currency is a one-way ticket to the gulag. The 1930s-government-in-Moscow needed foreign currency, and would stop at no lengths to get it.

Remember how the German government saw business opportunities in the political careers of Lenin and Trotsky? Well, plenty of people in New York and London saw those opportunities as well. A few examples: Back in the 1910s, when trade with the Bolsheviks was illegal in the USA, Morgan banking interests used State Department communications to arrange loans to the Bolshevik government. The infamous 1917 Red Cross Mission to Russia was nothing more than a

contingent of American financiers and mining interests looking to cash in on the post-war Russian government, much like their forefathers cashed in after the American Civil War. If you're interested in reading about these people, I'd start with William Boyce Thompson, then read the 1919 congressional hearings on "Bolshevik Propaganda".

What you'll find is that the Bolshevik government was a nasty tangle of characters who were funded by various secret services (British and German included), as well as private interests, all hoping to get a slice of the Tsar's pie. There were no teary-eyed idealists, at least none who were cutting checks.

Support for the 'Soviet experiment' continued in the 1930s and 1940s, but was increasingly paid for by the US taxpayers. (Thank you, FDR.) The political impetus for these expenditures came from the same parlors and brokerage houses that originally paid Trotsky's bills in the 'teens; and provided the Oh, So Social pressure that fish-hooked America into fighting along side Stalin.

So was any of this foreign involvement visible on the ground in Moscow? A quote from Bulgakov's short story, *The Fatal Eggs,* describing a GPU agent/journalist, circa 1928:

"there is, after all, something American in this rascal."

The Cheka became the GPU in 1922, and later morphed into the OGPU. None of these were very nice organizations.

The Fatal Eggs also gives us a clue about the Russian secret service's German ties: newspapers in Berlin know of the professor's extraordinary discovery as soon as the GPU does.

But *The Fatal Eggs* only gives a fleeting mention of foreign involvement at the most sensitive levels in Russian government. The most damning metaphor comes from M&M and is Bulgakov's use of Ambassador Bullitt's 1935 Spring Festival as the model for the Devil's (Woland's) ball.

Is there anything American about 'The Spring Ball of the Full Moon'?

Well, now, let's see. The guests are all criminals who "welded immense power in their own day"; they come from all over the globe. There are rivers of champagne; pools of liquor; walls of imported flowers; and a plethora of exotic animals on loan for the guests' amusement. The party's servants are not local Russians, but Blacks who are either naked or dressed in fairy-tale costumes. The female guests are also naked, but wear heels, dazzling jewels and fanciful head-dresses. Music abounds: an orchestra and a roaring jazz band compete for attention in the same room. The former is staffed by the greatest musicians in history; the latter is conducted by a maniac who slaps his knees and screams "Hallelujah!"

In short, this party wouldn't be out of place in Newport, Rhode Island.

How could Bulgakov know these things? Well, he was a propagandist, a favored writer and for at least a short time, ran with the jet set. He was invited to Ambassador Bullitt's party, just like Stalin. He saw the people around him.

And what was Bulgakov's conclusion? Like Jerusalem in 30 A.D., Moscow was ruled by a coalition of native commissars and foreign overseers.

Readers may now have a better appreciation of why Bulgakov never published *Master and Margarita*— the political implications were too damning. In a certain respect, they are still too damning today. You won't find many Western college professors/literary critics who dare to point out what I've just pointed out.

I hope that this post also shows why I have respect for Bulgakov; I can't think of a writer who is a better combination of storyteller, satirist, political commentator and historian. He wrote what he knew he couldn't publish, which is the most important writing of all. I have yet to find a living author who can do what Bulgakov did, but it'll be a very good day when it happens.

5 COMMENTS

HOME ROALD DAHL MIKHAIL BULGAKOV WRITING CURRENT EVENTS

PRIMARY SOURCES

RECENT POSTS

Why Five?
Drew Pearson and the Cambridge Five
Kim Philby on Homosexuality
Cleopatra!
Who Was Ernst Henri?

SPLASH

The Banality of Mind Control
Aleister Crowley's System of Control
A. C. Spectorsky and CCF 2.0

ARCHIVES

May 2015
April 2015
March 2015
February 2015
January 2015

LATEST COMMENTS

Margaret Thatcher kn… on Who Was Winston Churchill…

Robert on Eleanor and ISIS
Games Neocons Play:… on Aleister Crowley's Syste…

anolen on Drew Pearson and the Cambridge…

Robert on Drew Pearson and the Cambridge…

TWEETS

RT @dgolumbia: P. Zimbardo is very weird (see anolen.com/2014/11/16/the…), but important to find boys preferring porn to women, etc. http://t.c… 3 days ago

December 2014
November 2014
October 2014
September 2014
August 2014
July 2014
June 2014
May 2014
April 2014
March 2014
February 2014
January 2014
December 2013
November 2013
October 2013
September 2013
August 2013
July 2013
June 2013
May 2013
April 2013
March 2013
February 2013
January 2013
December 2012
November 2012
October 2012
September 2012
August 2012
July 2012

Inspired by the work of SAUL BASS, ART GOODMAN, and DAVE NAGATA. Header typeface by MATT TERICH.
BLOG AT WORDPRESS.COM. THE VERTIGO THEME.

@CUEwindsearch @rebrandingtime from Wiki on Rall: Rall's cartoons have appeared regularly in Rolling Stone, Time, Fortune and Men's Health 3 days ago

@CUEwindsearch @rebrandingtime stinks to high heaven. It's a logistical nightmare to plan trips to these regions, let alone broadcasting. 3 days ago

@CUEwindsearch @rebrandingtime cut to drift... that's original. I'll be good to see where they turn up next... Kyiv Post? :) 3 days ago

@CUEwindsearch @sarahcuda @rebrandingtime typical spook response to criticism. 3 days ago

Isn't this interesting! twitter.com/jlaws/status/5… 3 days ago

Follow @aDOTnolen

BLOGROLL

Librivox
The War on Guns
Frank Marcopolos
Cryptogon- Kevin Flaherty outside the Matrix
The Museum of Russian Art
Color Revolutions and Geopolitics
You Can't Polish a Turd
George Fripley's Blog
The Dregs of British History
No Agenda Show
Sipsey Street Irregulars
jonathantaylorthomasnathanmundt.tumblr.com/
Eat the Weeds
Attacking the Demi Puppets
Neil Clark's Blog
Federal Register

CONTACT

aDOTnolen[literally] (at) gmx (dot) com